

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



VOL. LXXVII.—No. 1977.
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NEW YORK, AUGUST 3, 1893.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

IN THE EGYPTIAN COURT—A TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL'S FIRST EXPERIENCE IN SMOKING THE CHIBOUK.—DRAWN BY R. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 73.]

"FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY" AND THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 3, 1893.

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RESOURCES OF THE SILVER STATES.

If we are to believe the silver advocates the repeal of the Sherman act and a return to a sound currency policy would be an irreparable calamity to the silver-producing States. Silver mining, they allege, is the one industry in these States which is absolutely indispensable to the continued existence of all others. This is the distinctive and the only plea on which the recent Colorado convention of mine-owners based their demand for the unlimited coinage of silver. Even if the statement were true it would be absurd to set over the interests of two or three States, with a population of eight or nine hundred thousand, against the prosperity and welfare of sixty odd millions of people. But that is practically what the country is asked to do by the mine-owners who are storming the heavens and the earth with their outcries against a reversal of the existing silver policy.

But it is not true that the relegation of the silver-mining industries to normal conditions would be irretrievably calamitous. No State in the Union, for instance, is richer in elements of wealth other than silver than Colorado. Her agricultural resources are immense; she has more coal and iron than any one State in the Union. Even now, with only a partial development of her agricultural wealth, "there is more money made," according to a trustworthy authority, "in live stock and agriculture than in the mines." In all these directions the possibilities are practically unlimited. Mr. Henry R. Wolcott, a prominent citizen of Colorado, put the case, in a recent interview, as follows:

"If every silver mine in Colorado should be closed, I undertake to say that there are other resources in our State that would occupy every citizen within her borders—yes, and a million besides; and that she will even then prosper far in advance of any other Western State. Why should it not be so? What other Western or Eastern State can show with Colorado in resources, without reference to silver? We have a large area of agricultural land, which each year shows increased acreage under cultivation; extensive oil-producing lands, unlimited deposits of iron and coal, great stone quarries, the product of which is used even as far East as New York; large fire-clay deposits, productive gold, lead, and copper mines, and extensive wool-growing interests. We have more coal than Pennsylvania; make as good coke, and have a market for it. We will eventually make substantially all the steel rail and iron product used west of the Missouri River. Our coal business must grow from year to year, as most of the western half of the United States, a country that can, and some day will, support, if anything, a denser population than the eastern half, must depend upon Colorado for its coal supply. We have anthracite coal, also, and ship it to all the country from Omaha to San Francisco. We want to run our silver mines, but you can see that, even if we do not, we still have something with which to make a prosperous and growing State."

In view of such a statement as this how utterly inexcusable are all the clamorous jeremiads with which some Coloradoans accompany their appeals for the maintenance of silver coinage. The fact is that Colorado will be enormously benefited by any legislation which will compel her people to turn their energy and capital into other and more permanent industries than that which has heretofore so largely absorbed their attention. The discovery and development of her treasures of gold did much for California, but her real progress in all the elements of substantial growth began with the decline of placer mining

and the necessity which arose for utilizing other and long-neglected resources. It is diversity of employment, variety of production, and the development of composite industries that give stability and insure solid prosperity in any community. This is the lesson which Colorado needs to learn. Learning it, by whatever means, and practicing upon it, she will attain to heights of prosperity heretofore undreamed of, and become, as she ought to be, the supreme factor in the business life and material progress of all the vast trans-Missouri region. Shutting her eyes to her great opportunities, and antagonizing, in her financial and business policy, the lessons of experience and laws which are anchored in the constitution of things, she will invite the very calamities which she now groundlessly anticipates.

SUNDAY AT THE FAIR.



THE World's Columbian Exposition is a great success. It eclipses in every respect all previous expositions. The world has never seen anything at all comparable to it in magnitude or comprehensiveness as an object-lesson of human progress. But it is what it is in spite of its management, which from the very beginning has been characterized by blunders that would have wrecked any ordinary enterprise. Its directory seem to have been controlled, as to many things, by absolute perversity and stupidity. They have misconstrued the functions of their own high office, misconceived the thought and wishes of the public, and exhibited at times a disregard of the suggestions of experience and sound business sense, which would be inconceivable if it had not been actually displayed.

This misconception of the public feeling has its most striking illustration in the attitude of the management as to Sunday opening. Whatever differences may exist among our people as to Sunday observance, as to whether the day should or should not be given over to rigid austerities, there is no doubt at all that a vast majority regard its preservation as a rest day as vital to the highest physical and moral well-being of our population. They prefer the American to the continental Sunday, and they deprecate any innovation which, directly or remotely, would weaken the barriers which have heretofore protected the day in its unique and distinctively American character. There was not, therefore, from any quarter any really influential demand for Sunday opening of the fair. The conscience of the country was clearly against it. But the managers imagined that they understood the wishes of the public better than the public understood itself. The working classes especially, they insisted, desired the opportunity to visit and study the fair on Sunday. But the workingmen made no such demand, and when the gates were thrown open they persistently declined to avail themselves of the opportunity offered. Not only so, but the labor organizations of Chicago declared themselves with emphasis in favor of the closing policy. Deprived of this prop, the directory next set up as an excuse for their action that the foreign exhibitors favored Sunday opening, and that the concessionaires, especially those on the Midway Plaisance, would be greatly injured by Sunday closing. But even this insistence has proved to be without foundation. Some of the concessionaires do, indeed, demand open doors, but the better class among them unqualifiedly object to Sunday work and show. Even the "unspeakable Turks" protest their opposition. One of the most interesting of all the many contributions to exposition literature is a communication from a Turkish firm in business on the plaisance, in which the writer quaintly expresses his surprise that this Christian nation, which sends out missionaries to proclaim "the necessity of a day of rest every week," both in a religious and a physical point of view, should teach at home a lesson directly opposite. And these foreigners, enlightened representatives of the class in whose behalf the exposition directory were willing to override the clearly-expressed opinion and the traditional usage of the country, do not content themselves with a mere negative rebuke. They go on to say positively that they are opposed to Sunday opening, using these expressive words:

"The law of America in regard to Sunday closing is right. There are many foreign workmen and exhibitors in both Midway Plaisance and Jackson Park who are daily murmuring and groaning under the heavy burden of working seven days without a day of rest, and now even they in themselves groan within themselves waiting for the adoption, to wit: the redemption of their bodies from the hardy work of seven days, and cry from the deepest recesses of their hearts to have a day of rest."

It is not surprising that, thus rebuked, and discovering that the policy upon which they have so arrogantly insisted was without any real support anywhere, the exposition directory have at last abandoned their unwise struggle and closed the gates on Sunday. But they are not entitled to the slightest credit for their surrender. They would have continued their contemptuous defiance of public opinion if they could have made money by the process. They give up the fight in obedience solely to mercenary motives. Those of them—and there were some—who

resisted, honestly and from the first, the course which has brought the directory into contempt, will be remembered gratefully, as they deserve; those who so long and stubbornly maintained that policy from low considerations of money-getting, will be remembered also, but their memories will not be fragrant in the thought of their countrymen.

SUMMER DRINKS.



SUMMER DRINKS

It is estimated that there are two hundred varieties of American summer drinks. Supreme in the leadership of wealth and industry and invention, Uncle Sam is also without a rival in the number and ingenuity of the beverages that his people drink. The soda-water fountain, which is usually innocent of alcohol, has alone added nearly a hundred decoctions for the slaking of the general thirst. The street-stand which used to supply lemonade exclusively has become rainbow-hued in the attractions that it has to offer in exchange for the five-cent pieces of the humble public.

In winter the more wicked of the population drink alcoholic liquors to keep warm; in summer they drink them to keep cool; and this paradox the temperance people emphasize on all occasions. The reply of the wicked elicits another paradox, for the temperance people claim that alcohol does not heat in winter, neither does it cool in summer; and there you are. In this contention, argument either way is of little importance, because of the simple fact that drinkers drink for the stimulant and not for the moral exercise. Evidence showing the awful ravages of liquor, statistics demonstrating that it costs more than the food that the nation eats, and regrets that the money is not spent for better purposes, daily multiply, but the fact remains that the consumption goes on constantly, and in summer it takes as many forms as the native genius can give it.

It varies from the fragrant julep of the South to the punch and the cocktail of the North, with all the inviting mixtures of claret and sherry and champagne, and goodness only knows what else, which are found at every resort where people congregate. Beer, of course, is the great leveler of all ranks, and it abounds in bottles and kegs and barrels. The rapid increase in its use, as shown in the statistics, is little less than wonderful, and the best part of it is the diminution of the consumption of the stronger liquors, or at least the fact that the people generally are, on the average, drinking less whisky and brandy and more beer and light wines. This is undoubtedly a gain for practical temperance.

Advice in the matter of summer drinks will not be of much avail, because it is one of the things that people please themselves about, advice or no advice. Nevertheless it is a fact that Americans drink too much. They drink too much liquor. They drink too much beer. They drink too much ice-water. They deluge their stomachs as if they were reservoirs instead of delicate mechanisms which put everything they receive through regular processes. Remembering this fact may help the thoughtless to get through the summer in better shape than they might otherwise do. If you are one of the wicked, be temperate. If you are a prohibitionist, be temperate even in the use of ice-water.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.



ONE of the serious and growing evils of the time is the prostitution of the judicial office to partisan uses. As a menace to the most sacred public interests it ranks next to the debauchery of the ballot and the use of the legislative power for the promotion of personal and political ends. We see all about us illustrations of this tendency. It manifests itself in the decisions of our highest as well as our lowest courts in matters involving the supremacy of one party or another. In some States it has come to be understood that, as the result of this tendency, justice and a due regard for law is utterly impossible of attainment for the minority in any case which is political in its character. New York and New Jersey have afforded specially notable examples of this judicial degeneracy. In both States there are able and honorable judges who scrupulously preserve the purity of the ermine, and whom no consideration of partisan advantage can swerve from the straightforward performance of duty. But in both States there are judges who never hesitate to subordinate, in their official action, the interests of the public to those of party.

In the latter of these, New Jersey, the court of last resort has just received, on its better side, a valuable

re-enforcement. Mr. William Walter Phelps, who has served his State and country with honorable distinction in Congress and in the diplomatic service abroad, was recently appointed a member of the Court of Errors and Appeals. A peculiarity of this court, which consists of fifteen members, is that six of its judges are laymen selected from the business walks of life. The presumption is that in selecting these judges preference should be given to men of age and eminent character, who would bring into the court an element of practical business sense. But the practice of Democratic Governors for many years has been to appoint mere politicians, men without any peculiar qualifications, who have rendered notable partisan service by heavy contributions to the party campaign funds, or have in other ways established a claim to recognition at the hands of the executive. The present Governor, who is a man of a good deal of independence of character, amazed his party by ignoring this pernicious precedent and naming Mr. Phelps as successor to a retiring judge.

To the narrow-minded, violent partisan it was inconceivable that a Democratic Governor should appoint to such an office a man who was not only conspicuously fit, but, worse than all, an active, influential, and uncompromising Republican. But while the more rancorous element of his party arraigned the Governor as guilty of an atrocious perversity, the great body of the people applauded his selection with hearty and genuine satisfaction, regarding it as a most valuable contribution to the work of reform in a most important department of the public administration. And this estimate of the wisdom of Mr. Phelps's appointment has been signally justified by his personal course in the matter. In accepting the office, he announced his withdrawal from active participation in political affairs, holding that no man who occupies a judicial station has any right to be identified personally with partisanship in politics, "offensive or otherwise." "I entertain," he says, "an old-fashioned idea on the subject of the judiciary; a judge ought to so conduct himself as to inspire his fellow-citizens with such an idea of impartiality that Republican or Democratic suitor would have no fear of bias against himself in any political question that might be brought before the court."

It would be well for the country and the interests of justice if the sound rule here laid down should become the universal law among judicial officials. The courts constitute the last safeguard of the rights and interests of the citizen. They are the bulwark of the public safety. Where they are controlled by upright motives and loyalty to principle and conscience, and interpret law and enforce justice with fearless disregard of popular clamor and every consideration but that of the public good, crime, immorality and vice can never submerge the higher and more sacred interests of a community. To the just judge, capable of discerning the right and intrepid in maintaining it, belongs always and everywhere the supreme place in the affectionate regard of his countrymen. Let us hope that the example which Judge Phelps has set will not be without its influence in begetting a truer conception of their duties and responsibilities, especially as to questions in any way political in their nature, among those who are charged with the dignities of the judicial office.

SUGGESTIVE FACTS AND FIGURES.

The one question which just now occupies almost universal attention is, "Why have we so suddenly become poor?" The official reports of the Treasury showing the decline in the values of breadstuffs and cotton, our two great staples, answer this question very plainly. Our people are prone to imagine that this country can live without foreign trade; in other words, that we are self-supporting and not at all dependent upon foreign consumption of our products. The experience we are now undergoing demonstrates most conclusively the fallacy of this belief.

The official figures state that the total value of the exports of barley, corn, corn-meal, oats, oatmeal, rye, wheat, and wheat flour during the year ending June 30th, 1893, amounted to \$188,951,992, as compared with \$288,925,000 during the year preceding; a net decrease of \$99,943,008, or more than thirty-four per cent. The only item which showed an increase over the previous year was wheat flour, the exports of which in 1893 amounted to \$73,580,862, against \$73,229,650 in 1892.

A comparison of average export prices in June, 1893, with those of June, 1892, shows a decided shrinkage in the last twelve months, except in oats and oatmeal. The average export price of barley in June, 1892, was 50.13 cents a bushel; in June, 1893, it was 47.45 cents a bushel; a decrease of 5.22 per cent. Corn shrunk from 55.66 a bushel in June, 1892, to 47.95 in June, 1893, a loss of 7.71 cents a bushel, or 13.8 per cent. Rye fell from 86.47 to 60.91 cents a bushel, a decline of nearly thirty per cent. Wheat dropped from 91.57 to 79.93 cents, a shrinkage of 15.64 cents a bushel, or more than seventeen per cent. Wheat flour declined from \$4.72 a barrel to \$4.42, a decrease of more than six per cent. The average export price of oats advanced from 36.41 to 38.96 cents per bushel, an increase of seven per cent., while the price of oatmeal advanced from 2.51 to 3.06 cents a pound, an increase of nearly twenty-two per cent.

The exports of cotton during the year ending June

30th, 1893, amounted to \$188,766,274, as compared with \$258,461,141 during 1892, a decrease of \$69,694,867, or nearly twenty-eight per cent. The exports for June, 1893, amounted to \$6,856,165, as compared with \$7,790,988 for June, 1892, a decrease of about twelve per cent.

The average export price of cotton in June, 1892, was 8.3 cents a pound; in June, 1893, the average price was 8.09 cents. A careful study of these figures, keeping in mind also the mischievous effects of our depreciated silver coinage and the fact that there has been a net loss of gold during the year of \$87,500,000, will satisfy every intelligent mind as to where our money has gone, and the causes of the marked decline in the national prosperity.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE New York *Sun* is in search of information. "Will there," it inquires, "be any Republican campaign in New York this year?" The *Sun* ought not to trouble the peaceful calm of the Republican "leaders" by insinuating doubts as to their vitality.

THE bullying policy pursued by France in her dispute with Siam is utterly indefensible. Undoubtedly she was justified in demanding reparation for the alleged assassination of one of her subjects and the massacre of his escort, but the measure of that reparation was matter for inquiry and investigation, and was not to be determined off-hand and under menace of war. When France demands that Siam shall compensate her for the alleged wrong by surrendering a vast area of territory of great fertility and immense value, she proposes a high-handed outrage which all civilized peoples must condemn.

THE agitation in favor of the introduction of electricity as a motive power on the New York canals is a movement in the right direction. The advantages which would result from the substitution of electricity for horse-power would be enormous. It is gratifying to learn that experiments are shortly to be made, under an act of the last Legislature, to determine the practicability of the proposed plan, and there can be little doubt that as a result of these experiments some satisfactory method of applying electricity to inland navigation will be devised, and the capacity of the canals doubled if not tripled thereby.

THERE are apprehensions that the approaching session of Congress will be a prolonged one. It may be; but it ought not to be. The Republicans of both houses should do everything in their power to make it as brief as possible. Their duty is plain. They should support such legislation as will secure in the speediest possible way a suspension of silver purchases, and then vote to go home. If there must be a protracted session, with all its disturbing agitation, let the Democracy bear the responsibility. Republicans should stand resolutely aloof from everything which may be calculated to aggravate existing disquiet.

IT is announced that the meteorologist of the Weather Bureau proposes to make a thorough study of atmospheric conditions by going up in a balloon three times a day for the period of a year. Such a study of the atmosphere and the phenomena of the upper air would no doubt contribute greatly to more accurate weather predictions, and in the present progress of aerial exploration it ought not to be impossible of satisfactory prosecution. Elsewhere in this issue we give an article descriptive of a navigable air-ship which has been offered to the government for purposes of meteorological exploration, and if proper encouragement should be given by the national authorities, no doubt other inventions would be evolved which would prove of real service in this department of scientific investigation.

HERE are some facts, supplied by Matthew Marshall (Thomas Hitchcock), the able financial writer of the *Sun*, which are well worth consideration by any person who is inclined to look with complacency upon the demands of silver lunatics of the Governor Waite stamp:

"Of the 58,000,000 ounces of silver produced in the United States in 1892, Colorado contributed 24,000,000 ounces, Montana 17,500,000 ounces, Idaho 3,000,000 ounces, Nevada 2,500,000 ounces, and Utah 7,750,000 ounces, making in all 54,750,000 ounces. The aggregate population of those States and Territories, according to the last census, is 883,408. This little handful of people, to uphold the price of their product, demand legislation the inevitable effect of which will be to abolish the gold standard and substitute silver in its place. They have conspired for the purpose with the speculators and land-owners of the West and Southwest, and threaten a resort to war. Their success would reduce to half their present value the wages of 10,000,000 laboring men, the deposits of 5,000,000 savings-bank depositors, and the life insurance of 1,250,000 policy-holders, as well as the investments of unnumbered owners of railroad and municipal bonds, of shares in moneyed corporations, and creditors generally. That a scheme so monstrous should have even a chance of accomplishment is impossible, and the sooner it is knocked on the head the better."

SOME of the newspapers are representing ex-President Harrison as engaged in organizing a campaign to secure his renomination in 1896. We have no authority to speak for the ex-President, but we are quite safe in saying that he is not concerning himself at all as to the next Presidential candidacy, and that he will not at any time depart from the dignified course which he has hitherto pursued by seeking in any way to influence the action of the Republican

party. At the same time he will continue to discharge all the duties of citizenship, neither seeking nor evading any demands that may be made upon him in any relation of life. There is no reason at all why a man who has filled the Presidential chair should upon leaving it cease to be an active factor in affairs. The late President Hayes set an example in this respect which was worthy of all praise.

Among the expedients which are proposed in financial circles for the relief of the existing business depression, there is one which apparently has considerable backing among bankers and others. This is a proposition looking to the passage of a law authorizing the issue of a two-per-cent. government bond directly convertible into currency and reconvertible as business conditions permit. It is argued that a bond of this description, having the government behind it, would command as high credit as any of the outstanding bonds, and that its convertibility would make it largely useful in relieving currency stringency. Another proposition, favored in some quarters, is that legislation be enacted authorizing the national banks to issue circulation up to the par value of the bonds held by the government as security for their issues. These are, of course, only in the nature of suggestions, but they are indicative of some of the possible methods of relief which are now engaging the thought of financiers.

THE people of Chicago will presently have an opportunity to give a definite expression of opinion concerning the course of Governor Altgeld in pardoning the anarchists. It will be remembered that in the elaborate paper which he filed with the pardons he went out of his way to assail Judge Gary, before whom the anarchists were tried. It is now announced that this just judge will this fall be a candidate for re-election, and that Altgeld has declared his intention to defeat him at every hazard. He has already selected his candidate, who is, naturally enough, a sympathizer with the anarchists and has himself attacked Judge Gary's rulings in their trial. There is very little in Chicago's recent political history to justify a confidence that her people will meet the issue thus presented in a spirit of pure patriotism, but we are unwilling to believe that they are prepared to hand over their judiciary to the control of murderers and their sympathizers. Judge Gary did his duty fearlessly and conscientiously, and if he is not sustained the city will deserve all the calamities which revolutionary misrule can bring upon it.

THE apprehensions which have been felt in some quarters as to the condition of Mr. Cleveland's health, and which were stimulated by reports that must have had a malicious motive, appear to be utterly unwarranted by the facts in the case. The President has undoubtedly suffered from overwork, and when he started on his vacation had about exhausted his vital force, but he has not been at any time seriously ill, and is now, as the result of a period of rest, in perfect health. His physician, who has made a thorough and critical examination of Mr. Cleveland's physical state, declares that he has no organic disease whatever, and that if he pays reasonable attention to the rules of health, there need be no apprehension, at least from his present condition, that he will not be able to bear the burden of responsibility and labor which devolves upon him. It is no doubt true that the President, who is a prodigious worker, is inclined to regard himself as superior to ordinary physical limitations; it is said that since his inauguration he has averaged less than five hours' sleep daily; but this fact will not occasion much general solicitude in view of the statement that he is not constitutionally diseased. At the same time he owes it to the country to conserve his strength by observing more closely than he has been wont to do those laws upon which sound health depends.

Two immigrants, whose names are given—one of whom was afflicted with a loathsome disease, and the other of whom had violated the contract-labor law—were recently ordered to be deported by the government. From the ostentation with which the fact was officially announced it is fair to assume that the act of deportation was regarded by the immigration officials as a conspicuously meritorious performance. Maybe it was. But it strikes us curiously that about the same time some eight hundred immigrants of the very poorest class, brought here by a tramp steamer, were landed at Ellis Island, and more than half of them permitted to go their way, penniless wanderers, into this and other communities. It is hard to understand a policy which opens the door wide to a great horde of starving Russian Jews, and closes it in the face of a poor fellow who is unfortunately suffering from an offensive disease; or of another, otherwise unobjectionable, who came here under engagement to work for an honest living. There is an immigration which is desirable, because it is capable of being easily assimilated, but we should bar the gates resolutely against the dregs of European populations now pouring in upon us. The necessity of a decisive defensive policy becomes the more apparent in view of the announcement that the bringing of immigrants here in tramp freight steamers is to be continued on an extensive scale.



EUGENE COWLES, THE EMINENT BASSO.—[SEE PAGE 72.]

PRINCELY VISITORS FROM ABROAD.

THE potentates of the Orient, large and small, seem to be turning their steps irresistibly, this Columbus year, toward our shores. Two Indian princes are now in this country, bent on an exploration of its attractions, and desirous of familiarizing themselves with American customs and life. One of them, Jajat Jit Singh, the Rajai Rajagan Maharajah of Kapurthala, Prince of Princes, came quite unostentatiously by an Atlantic steamer, accompanied by his suite and one of his four wives, who is said to be a princess of the blood royal. The Maharajah is a handsome, unaffected, and intelligent gentleman, about twenty-one years of age, who dresses in modern style, and ingratiates himself into the favor of all with whom he comes in contact. He speaks English well, and is interested in everything that goes on about him. Evidently he intends to make the most of his opportunity to get into touch with our Western life.

Kapurthala, the state over which the Maharajah rules as an independent sovereign, lies in the extreme northern part of British India. Its area is about eight hundred square miles, and its population is estimated to be 2,500,000.

It is understood that after visiting the World's Fair the Maharajah will spend some time at Newport, Saratoga, and other prominent resorts. He has already visited Rome, Paris, and London. In Rome he met the King and Queen of Italy and his holiness the Pope. He was entertained by Queen Victoria at Windsor, and at the recent royal wedding, was a conspicuous figure.

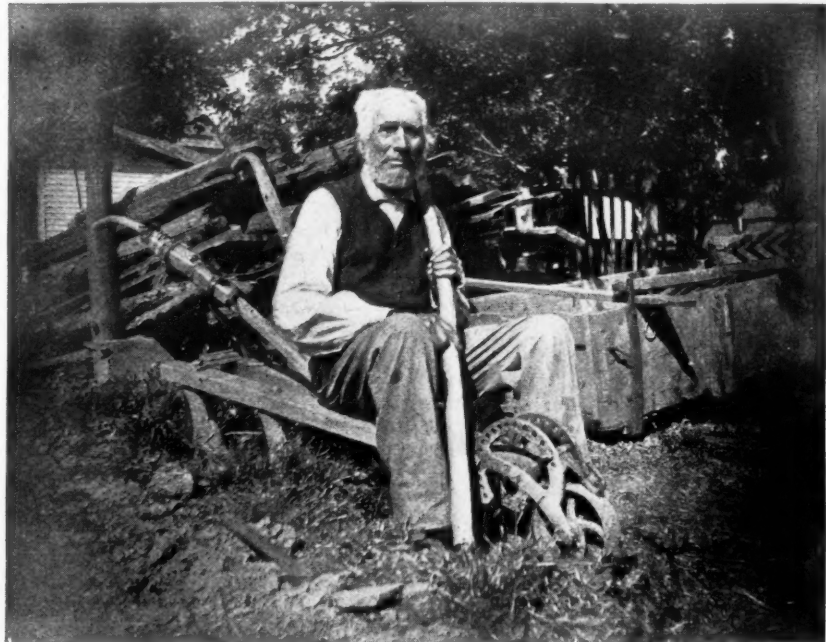
Another Indian visitor is the young Nawab of Rampur, who is, although but seventeen years of age, one of the most enlightened and broad-minded of the Indian princes. His principality, which is a British tributary, is situated in the Oude Province, at the base of the Himalaya Mountains, and has an area about as large as the District of Columbia. The income of the principality



THE NAWAB OF RAMPUR.—PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

is about four hundred thousand dollars a year. This, however, does not find its way into the British treasury, Rampur having been exempt from paying a tithe of its revenue to the English, because of the espousal of their cause by the grandfather of the present Nawab during the Sepoy rebellion. While it is thus financially exempt, however, it is in control of the English resident until the present Nawab becomes of age. This resident is Captain S. Colvin, who has been in charge for a period of ten years, and who accompanies the young Nawab in his present tour around the world.

The young man is described as bright and intelligent; speaks English fairly well, and is



ALEXIUS COLUMBUS, ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR YEARS OLD, A DESCENDANT OF THE GREAT DISCOVERER.—COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM MERKLE, BUFFALO.—[SEE PAGE 73.]

familiarizing himself with other languages. While he is a Mohammedan, his views are said to be moderate. His complexion is that of a mulatto. He is five feet five inches tall, of slender build, with a face indicating firmness of character. He dresses in the conventional English style except as to the turban.

While in Chicago he manifested great interest in the fair, and he seems to be disposed to make the most of his opportunities to become familiar with American life. His attendant, however, is said to allow no one to approach him without express permission, fearing, possibly, that he might become contaminated by too close a touch with Western manners. An American who has lived long in India, and is well acquainted with Indian affairs, alleges that the reason which influences Captain Colvin in restraining his protégé from becoming acquainted with Americans is to be found in the apprehension "that they will ingratiate themselves into his favor, and probably incline him toward them, and so lead up to closer commercial relations with a country that is destined to play a great part in the history of the world."

The Nawab has visited Niagara Falls and Canada, and after stopping in this city and Washington for a time will return to India and mount the throne.



JAJAT JIT SINGH, THE RAJAI RAJAGAN MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA, PRINCE OF PRINCES. PHOTOGRAPH BY BOSCH, PARIS.

TWO PRINCELY VISITORS FROM INDIA.

A NAVIGABLE AIR-SHIP.

Some time ago, Mark M. Harrington, the well-known chief of the United States Weather Bureau, commented upon the need of a school of aeronautics, and expressed a wish that some benevolent-minded, wealthy individual would endow one.

Aerial navigation has been experimented on with more or less success of late years by European nations as a military adjunct, but up to date no perfect or practically satisfactory machine has been demonstrated by them. No one doubts the fact that a navigable air-ship in case of war or invasion would prove of the highest practical value, but while all experiments and improvements in aerial navigation are valuable from this standpoint, Mr. Harrington's ideas are of a pacific cast, and look more to the importance of the results and records obtained, as relating to crops, land and water transportation, travel, health, pleasure, and business. Our weather reports to-day are based upon the condition of ocean depths and the temperature of the highest points in the country, and the number of mountain observatories in the world is steadily increasing. There are, however, limits to the supply of mountains and also to their altitude, and these records give no information concerning changes of temperature, etc., at similar elevations over a plain, the place where agriculture progresses and most townships are located. The great importance of the school suggested by Mr. Harrington is apparent.

Since the comments of Mr. Harrington were made public, Professor Carl Myers, the well-known aeronaut, whose "balloon farm" is located at Frankfort, New York, has made an offer to furnish a navigable balloon and personally conduct a series of twelve ascents—high, low, fast, slow, protracted, and short—for the study of meteorological phenomena and data, to be made by officials of the Weather Bureau. It may be mentioned that Professor Myers is no mere ascensionist seeking cheap advertisement, but a well-known man, whose hobby of the study of meteorology led him some years ago into the making of balloons and their use. He has made a valuable record of data covering the region of the Mohawk valley, which has been used by the Weather Bureau, and he is in constant correspondence with the officials of that body. At present his business consists more in making the contrivances of other inventors, and the air bicycle, or skycycle, which he is making arrangements to demonstrate by practical operation in the aeronautical exhibit at the World's Fair.

Three photographic views of the skycycle, at varying elevations, taken within a few minutes of each other are shown below, and actual results, made last fall in the presence of scores of disinterested eye-witnesses, show it to be a practical and actual success as an air-ship—

(Continued on page 72.)



THE BALLOON FARM.



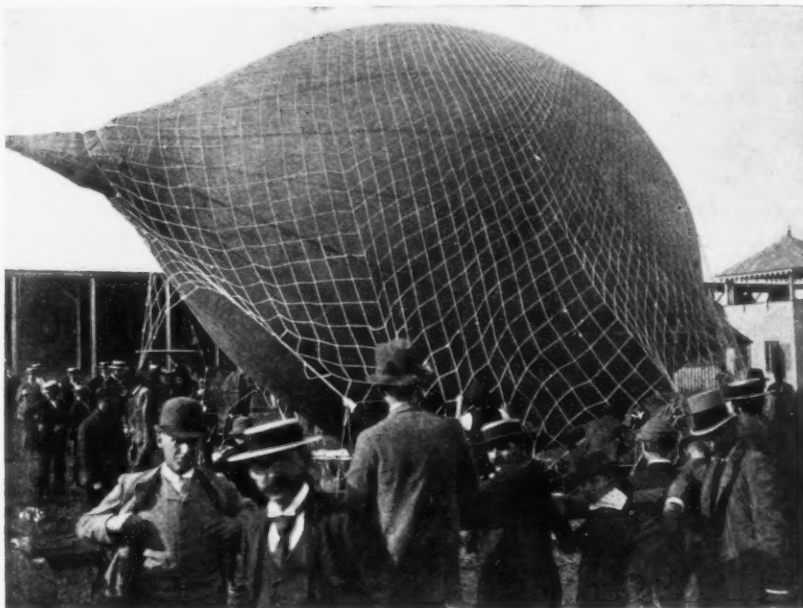
CAPTIVE EXPERIMENTS AT THE BALLOON FARM.



SKYCYCLE TURNING AROUND—RETURNING "END ON."



SKYCYCLE GOING ROUND RACE-TRACK.



SKYCYCLE PREPARING TO START.



HARVESTING AT THE BALLOON FARM.



SKYCYCLE COMING DOWN.

PROGRESS IN AERIAL NAVIGATION—A BALLOON FARM AT FRANKFORT, NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE CRUMBS OF DIVES.

By JAMES BUCKHAM.

MARION WILBUR did not like her first month's experience as governess of the Miss Perrins. She was patronized, snubbed, looked down upon. Even her two young pupils treated her like an inferior. "They fling me their favors as Dives flung crumbs to Lazarus," thought Marion. The girl's refined, self-respecting nature was wounded. She had almost made up her mind to return home, whether asked to remain or not, at the close of her month's probation—when something happened. Something frequently does happen at critical points in one's life.

The elm-shaded streets of the city of New Haven looked forlornly deserted, for it was vacation time at Yale and the boys had nearly all scattered to their homes. "I am coming on the 28th," wrote Leslie Perrin, "and I shall bring with me the musical genius of the college, the young Bavarian pianist, Max Euna. He and I have struck up a great friendship, and I want to make his visit to New York a perfect ovation. Of course, mother, you must give at least one grand *musical*, to which the genius and fashion of the metropolis shall be invited. Euna wants to meet some of the great artists in his profession, and they will be delighted to meet him and to hear him play. His European fame would give him access to the choicest American musical circles anywhere."

They came—Leslie and Max—and the Perrin mansion blazed its welcome to them with all the splendors of wealth. It was such a joy to have Leslie home again—such an honor to entertain his distinguished friend!

Marion gazed out of the background with wondering and shining eyes, thinking herself unnoticed. And so indeed she was, formally. She was not introduced until the young men came down to dinner, and then only in the most distant and general way—all the way from the head to the foot of the table, and to both young men at the same time. But it was an introduction, nevertheless, and a little of the sting of conscious neglect passed out of the girl's aching heart.

After dinner Euna played to them. Oh, it was divine! Marion sat and drank the music deep into her soul, as a flower drinks sunshine. She had never, in all her life, heard or dreamed of such music. It lifted her out of herself, it made her utterly oblivious to her surroundings. But suddenly she was awakened out of her dream.

"You are fond of music, Miss Wilbur?" Leslie Perrin was bending over her. The full, rich tones of the piano were dying away on the air. Euna had wheeled upon the stool and was addressing Mrs. Perrin.

"Fond of it? Oh, I *adore* it—such music as that!" exclaimed Marion, the rich blood rushing to her cheek. Mrs. Perrin glanced that way and foresaw the impending *tête-à-tête*.

"It is nearly time the girls were at work on their morning lessons, I think," she said. "Miss Wilbur, will you please go up and light the gas in the school-room?" Marion went, obediently. She lit the gas and sat down to wait for her pupils. They did not come. Fifteen—thirty minutes passed. Then the poor girl realized the deception of which she had been made the victim, and, laying her head upon her table, she burst into tears. As soon as she could control her emotion she rose, and stealing silently to her own room, locked herself in. Euna was playing again in the drawing-room—such beautiful music! But Marion could not listen—she must not listen. Oh, how bitter it all was—how bitter!

Invitations were out for the grand *musical*. It was to be the most brilliant social affair of the season. Everybody of note had consented to come. There would be simply a blaze of wealth, genius, and beauty.

The day arrived. Such preparations! Such profusion of rarest flowers; such store of the choicest refreshments; such magnificence of plate; such splendor of appointments! Leslie and Max helped, Marion helped, even Mr. Perrin helped. The servants did not need them, but they helped—simply because they could not escape the infection of it. Such occasions engulf a whole household; the excitement is like a whirlpool.

"Max, you will tire yourself out!" cried Leslie. "Go up to your room and rest. Remember that you are to be the lion of the evening."

"I shall not go unless you do, *mon frère*," replied Euna. But just then Leslie was holding a ponderous vase while Marion filled it with flowers. How could he go under such circumstances? To be sure he might have set the vase down. But that never occurred to him.

Marion did not know whether to dress for the evening or not. But at last her longing heart overcame her, and she put on the one fine gown she had—a cream-colored silk that had been her mother's, but which a cunning hand had remodeled for the lovely daughter. How she longed to hear the wonderful music and look upon the great musicians, whose names to her were like the names of demi-gods! And then, there was another reason why she longed to go down-stairs. Marion would not openly confess its power, but it surged about her heart like a sea of rapture. Leslie Perrin had said, as they separated after dinner:

"I hope you will come down-stairs to-night, Miss Wilbur. I shall not enjoy the evening unless you do."

Just as Marion was putting the finishing touches to her toilet there came a tap at her door. She rustled across the floor in her rich, old-time silk, and turned the door-knob. There stood Mrs. Perrin, resplendent in diamonds and lace. For a moment the vision of radiant loveliness before her seemed to strike the self-possessed woman of the world dumb. Marion looked like the picture of some queenly colonial beauty who had stepped down from her massive frame of oak. The girl's glorious hair was piled above her forehead in that regal way of the old-time belles, and the low-cut frill about her snowy neck suggested the stately ruff of Martha Washington.

"You wished to speak to me?" Marion said.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Perrin, coldly. "I prefer you would not come down-stairs to-night. It will be a very distinguished company, and you would have to be introduced. I do not care to have it said outside that Herr So-and-So, the eminent composer, was invited to Mrs. Perrin's to be introduced to the governess of her children."

Every word was like the thrust of a dagger. Words are the steel with which women slay each other.

Marion's face changed not a muscle till Mrs. Perrin had turned upon her heel and gone. Then the sensitive girl closed the door, locked it, and flinging herself on the floor beside the bed, buried her face in the counterpane.

How long she crouched there she did not know. It might have been an hour—it might have been an age. And all the while she could not shed a tear, though her flaming face thirsted and her aching heart cried out for just one—just one.

She was roused by a rap at the door; but this time she did not heed the summons. The rap was repeated. Marion only shivered from head to foot. Then was heard a man's voice—soft, pleading, tender.

"Marion!"

The girl shook like an aspen-leaf. Her hands clutched the counterpane. Her breath came thick and fast.

"Dearest Marion! Won't you answer me?"

A tremulous sob, like a child's, broke from the kneeling girl. Thank God! the tears had come at last. They rained through the soft fingers, they slid down the white arms. A storm of weeping overmastered the girl. The sound of her convulsive sobs filled the room.

"My poor child! Won't you open the door to me? I want to tell you something."

There was no force, not even the turning of the knob, no command, no passionate entreaty. Only that tender, pleading, gentle request.

Slowly Marion rose to her feet, blinded by tears, and groped her way to the door. She could not have gone astray even in the darkness. Something drew her thither—something stronger than will, something surer than sight. Her hand found the key. It was but the turning of a wrist, and—

But still the door opened not. He would not enter until she opened to him. Marion's heart stood still. Should she? Should she? Her hand was on the knob. She listened intently. It was so still outside. Had he moved from the door? Was he going away? Had he gone?

"Oh, Leslie!" With a little longing cry Marion threw the door open. And then—

Dives, Love is your beggar now! Will you dare throw him your crumbs?

A SONG.

Oh, Jealousy would be a knight
Attired in armor bright,
And like a guard to stand in wait
Outside the castle's golden gate—
The gate he may not enter in,
The heart he may not win.

Should Love adown that roadway ride,
The gate would open wide—
While Jealousy in knightly garb,
With lance in rest and fiery barb,
Would seek to hold Love's perfect way
And keep the knight at bay.

But Love is blind, he could not see
The knight of Jealousy—
And riding onward to the gate
Would not perceive poor Self in wait,
While Self, as passing days do prove,
May not hold perfect Love.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A NAVIGABLE AIRSHIP.

(Continued from page 71.)

perfectly under command to rise or fall, unaffected by a head wind, and, practically speaking, as safe a mode of conveyance as riding behind a quiet horse. As a matter of fact, the writer, personally, has ridden the machine, ascending to a mean height of sixty or eighty feet, and traveling a circle of a mile or so in diameter.

To drop scientific terms and put the description of the interesting machine into plain language, it is a balloon or gas reservoir, the shape of which resembles a spindle (or a combination of a needle and a sphere), and this is filled with hydrogen gas made from water, the reservoir not being filled to the same tension as an ordinary balloon is. Suspended from the guy-ropes and beneath the reservoir is what appears to be the fork of an ordinary bicycle, having the seat, the handles, and the foot-pedals; the backbone and wheels are the only missing items. Extending backward from the seat is a slender bamboo pole about eight feet in length, while to the front extends a tubular iron or steel rod, at the head of which are four rigid arms, two at the extreme end and two about four feet nearer to the rider; on these hangs a light but stoutly made sail cloth, looking like a coarse table-cloth hung to dry on a line. Two light but stout wires rising from the handles of the machine are connected with the base of the reservoir, so that at a stationary elevation the bag of gas may not settle, and so by accident tangle up the guy-ropes and destroy the equilibrium. The bicycle seat is thus, practically, the ear. The entire machine weighs only fifteen pounds, and the principle of the motive-power is that of a child's balloon bought at a dry-goods store—it will not rise of itself, but directly it is blown under, it will soar away beyond the power of the breath.

The principle is applied in a very simple but unique manner. Attached to the pedals is a cog-wheel and chain arrangement, which, as the pedals are moved, turns the end of the solid core of steel half-way round and back again; this causes the two rigid bars supporting one side of the sail-cloth to twist it into first a right and then a left-hand helix, the other side of the sail-cloth being held in an upright stationary position by the two rigid arms which are attached to the hollow tube. This can be made plainly apparent by taking hold of each end of an oblong piece of paper and turning one hand to the right and the other to the left, suddenly reversing the movement. When the sail-cloth is thus worked it produces a current of air similar to that felt upon the front platform of a railway car, and this, striking upward and backward to the under surface of the reservoir, causes the air-ship to rise, while the "grabbing" action of the cloth resolving itself into the helix forces the whole fabric forward.

The most interesting item, from a scientific standpoint is that a head wind, that hitherto unconquerable bugbear and foe to aerial navigation, becomes a power of propulsion, and the harder it blows the more it helps the machine along. This is produced by the curious spindle shape of the reservoir, which, tilting backward, catches the main power of the head wind on the under surface, and this tends to force the balloon up into the air, while the helix, grabbing forward, carries it along, exactly as a light row-boat rides best and pulls easiest with a slight current against it, rather than in heavy dead water.

No rudder is required. The machine steers by the centre of gravity, and follows the motions of the body. If the rider leans backward it ascends; if forward it descends; if sidewise it turns to the left or right as the body leans. To mount one all that is done is to charge the reservoir with the hydrogen gas, take hold of the handles, place the legs over the seat, and with the handles draw it up close to the body; stoop down and spring lightly into the air, lean back, start the pedals (or handles, as both may be worked separately or singly), and with about the same expenditure of power

required to ride a bicycle on a good road, the machine ascends to any desired altitude, and obeys the will of the rider. There is practically no danger, as if one sits erect, nothing but a rent in the silk would cause a fall, and this, from an ordinary height, would be gradual and comparatively harmless. Perhaps the best witness to its safety and ease of manipulation is the fact that Mrs. Myers has made several ascensions. The actual cost of the machine is about one hundred dollars, but it is not for sale, and will only be used for scientific and other demonstration.

EUGENE COWLES

IN "ROBIN HOOD."

It is more than unlikely that the genial, gentlemanly robber, Robin Hood, ever gave a thought as to what might be his position in the historic tales that would delight posterity. He probably sang and loved and plundered without a care of the morrow. And now, centuries after "the shutting of the eyes and the folding of the hands to sleep," he is one of the heroes of childhood, the type of man that appeals to all by a host of alluring faults. His picturesque qualities are positive. There is no rancor in his oft-storied revenge.

We have had the romantic anarchist of Sherwood Forest with us for more than a year. In "The Foresters" Tennyson told his story with dignity and romantic pathos, and quite as perfect in tone and coloring, although dealing with the adventures of Robin's men in the insouciant, happy-go-lucky climaxes of comic opera, has been "Robin Hood," as sung by the "Bostonians" all over the land.

Among the principals is Eugene Cowles, unknown to New-Yorkers before his appearance with this company. His splendid bass voice has done much to insure the success of the opera. In the second act, when the glamour of "Robin Hood's" environment has descended upon the audience, he sings alone for the first time.

Before us is Sherwood Forest, green, like the coats of the happy outlaw band, and the music is like the whispering of brooks threading their way under tangled green in hidden places. As *Will Scarlet* Mr. Cowles comes forward, not with the studied conspicuousness of the paid singer to play his part, but with the idleness of the forest lounge following a seeming inspiration that has much to do with sustaining the illusion. The band gathers around him as he sharpens a knife; they look expectantly at him, and the song that follows seems an afterthought.

As the first robust notes fall from his lips one feels a deeper silence settle over the audience. Here is melody concrete, voicing the story of the "tailor who dwelt on old Sherwood's edge." In that song Eugene Cowles stirs the hundreds of listening hearts to a quicker beating. The mystery of music hidden in a human throat seems suddenly so marvelous that one forgets all else.

The words of the song are flippant, the music vigorous and melodious, but not unusual. The intrinsic beauty of the natural voice asserts itself above the frivolous theme. In riotous strength and beauty the notes come from the singer's mouth, and trouble with a painful pleasure those who hang spell-bound upon them. He stops. The knife is sharpened, the song is done, the spell is broken, the audience sinks back as if a thread of sympathy has been snapped.

The effect he produces in the next act, when, as the armorer, he stands beside the forge, only intensifies the former one and rivets forever the memory of his voice. He sings only to glorify the broadsword he is making, but the music swells, sinks, and rises anew to grander ecstasy in strains that are divinely strong. So might a prophet proclaim his message.

Off the stage Mr. Cowles might be described as Will Scarlet refined and modernized. His figure is robust and tall. He is young, unaffected, quite unspoiled by his success, and while not self-depreciatory or diffident, wins favor by his unaffected modesty. He is perhaps twenty-seven years of age, and was born in Stanstead, in the Province of Quebec. An actor he is comparatively a novice, for he has been with the "Bostonians" but a few seasons. Previous to that he was in the First National Bank in Chicago, singing in a choir on Sundays. Even with such narrowed opportunities, and without any seeking of his, fame came to him. He was requested by telegram to join the Boston Ideals, fortunately followed his impulse, and was soon singing in "Dorothy," "Fatinitza," and other operas in various cities of the South and West.

With such a natural voice, the possibilities that may be developed under a Paris master are

impressive. After September, it will be a long time before New York hears Eugene Cowles again. He goes to Europe in the fall for two years, to prepare for grand opera. That his further success will be satisfying, those who have heard him cannot doubt. KATE JORDAN.

ALEXIUS COLUMBUS.

A LINEAL DESCENDANT OF THE DISCOVERER.

THE city of Buffalo rejoices in having within its limits an old gentleman who will be one hundred and four years of age on the 12th of August, whose ancestry can be traced back from generation to generation, and who is undoubtedly a lineal descendant of the discoverer of America.

Alexius Columbus, notwithstanding the fact that he is a centenarian, is as bright and active as a man of three score and ten. His hair is as white as driven snow, his brow is full, his eyes strangely white. According to family tradition they were so before age had left its mark upon him. These, it will be remembered, were peculiarities of Christopher Columbus.

Mr. Columbus was born on the Isle d' Orleans, about seven miles northeast of the city of Quebec, Canada. One half of the Isle d' Orleans was owned by Alexius's grandfather, the estate descending from father to son, and upon which Alexius lived for nearly half a century. Members of the family still reside on the island.

The subject of this sketch spent his early boyhood in tilling the soil. At an early age he learned the ship-carpenter trade—the same trade followed by his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. At the age of forty-eight years he married a wife of eighteen years. About one year afterward they migrated to the United States, together with their first child, making their home in Buffalo, where they have since lived. After locating in Buffalo he sailed the lake for one season, and then worked at ship-building. After a few years he bought a farm and operated that in connection with working at his trade. The old gentleman has always been a hard worker, which, according to his son's statement, accounts for his being so well preserved. Even at the present time he is never so happy as when working on the farm or in the garden. Since he abandoned ship-carpentering he has given his whole time to gardening.

Mr. Columbus had eleven children, eight of whom are still living. He has two sons and two daughters in Buffalo, three daughters in Chicago, and one daughter in Ogdensburg, New York. There are thirty grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren, one of the latter, who is three years old, being named Christopher.

Mr. Columbus's wife died the 19th of last March at the age of seventy-four years. He speaks Canadian French chiefly, but is quite conversant with the English tongue. He is courteous and graceful in spite of his hundred and four years. His cheeks are hollow, his face is tanned a deep brown, but there is no mistaking the fineness of his features.

Mrs. Flavia Columbus Daker, a daughter of Mr. Columbus, is quoted as making the following statements:

"It is worthy of note that this second branch of the family (as distinguished from that from which the Duke of Veragua comes) has been buffeted by fortune from country to country. Just as the original Christopher, himself an Italian, forsook Italy and cast his fortunes in Spain, so one of his grandsons left Spain for France, and later the family drifted to Canada, thence to the United States."

The line of descent is supposed to have come down in this way: "Christopher Columbus had one son, Diego, who had two sons, Luis and Christoval. Both Luis and Christoval had illegitimate children. The latter had lawful offspring, however, and it is from this branch that the Duke of Veragua comes."

"The former, who is said to have borne a marked resemblance in feature and character to his grandfather, having had only illegitimate children, they were debarred from sharing the honors of the Columbus family, the title of admiralty being transferred to Christoval, first Duke of Veragua. Luis died at the age of twenty-two years. His oldest son, Christopher, resembled his great grandfather, having the distinctive white hair and eyes of the original Christopher. Young Christopher went to Marseilles about the year 1620, where he worked at the trade of ship-building. He died in Marseilles, and his son Francis succeeded him in his trade. Francis Columbus, in the latter part of his life, felt the old family desire to migrate, and crossed the Atlantic into the world which his ancestor had discovered. He located on the Isle d' Orleans, about seven miles to the northeast of the city of Quebec, Canada. He afterward became the owner of half of this island, which is twenty-one miles long."

"He had one son, Peter Columbus. Peter was a ship-builder and lived on his father's estate in the latter part of the eighteenth century. His son was Alexius Columbus."

Mrs. Daker also said: "It is true that we are descended from the original Columbus, but for obvious reasons we never boast of the fact. We bear the same name, and the history and wanderings have been handed down from father to son for generations. All our ancestors have had the blessing of longevity, and that is the way I account for the small number of generations between him and the admiral."

Mr. Columbus and members of his family have recently visited the Chicago fair by invitation, and have been the recipients of many courtesies.

WILLIAM MERKLE.

NOTABLE JEWS.—NO. XVI.

THEODORE W. MYERS.

No man occupies a higher place in the confidence of the citizens of New York, irrespective of party, creed, or nationality; no man has ever presided over and directed the financial department of the great city with more success than Theodore Walter Myers. Born in New York City in 1844, when his father, the late Lawrence Myers, was known as a leading merchant and popular member of society, Mr. Myers has always resided in this city, excepting the time spent at school in Germany and France. He



THEODORE W. MYERS, COMPTROLLER OF NEW YORK.

was but twenty years of age when he began his financial career in the house of Polhemus & Jackson, and after a few years became a member of the new firm of Cambis & Myers. He was an active member of the National Guard of the State of New York, and for some time a captain in the Ninth Regiment. In 1884 Mr. Myers came into greater prominence in the commercial world as the organizer and head of the present banking concern of Theodore W. Myers & Co., and in the same year earned his spurs in the political arena by leading the business men of his party in the Presidential campaign of that year.

In 1887 Mayor Hewitt appointed him a member of the Board of Park Commissioners, and in the fall of the same year he became the nominee of the Democratic party for the office of comptroller, to which position he was elected, running ahead of his ticket and receiving a plurality of about forty-five thousand votes. His re-nomination at the end of his term of office in 1890, and the indorsement of his nomination by all parties, was evidence of the esteem in which Comptroller Myers was held, and the trust reposed in him by the citizens of New York. This was emphasized at the polls, where, out of a total of 213,199 votes, he received 207,011.

As comptroller Mr. Myers is *ex-officio* member of the most important municipal boards and commissions, and there, as in his chief office, his sound business methods, his industry, and his thorough knowledge of affairs, even unto detail, have attracted attention and commanded admiration.

Mr. Myers was married in 1870 to Miss Rosalie Hart, whose grandfather, Bernard Hart, was one of the founders of the New York Stock Exchange. They have one son, George Lawrence Myers, an undergraduate of Columbia

College. Mr. Myers's name appears on the membership roll of some of New York's best clubs; he is a member of the Geographical and the Historical societies, a liberal contributor to the local charities, and a member of the Shearith Israel congregation. ISIDOR LEWI.

A BIT OF EGYPT.

WHEN the various features of the Midway Plaisance were planned, more serious-minded folk, who were carried away with the idea that the World's Fair should not be merely a great show but a comprehensive institution of learning, were disappointed at the number of seemingly trivial things to be on exhibition there. They thought that too much levity was provided for and argued that these features would detract from the dignity of the main exhibition. But the managers were wise in this regard and insisted that the visitors to the fair must be amused while they were instructed. The wisdom of the decision has been justified in the fact that the Midway Plaisance is the most popular place in Jackson Park. The exhibits there, as a general thing, are classified as belonging to the ethnological section, and they far surpass in interest the other divisions of the section displayed elsewhere. And it is very natural that this should be so, for in the Midway Plaisance there is life, there is movement; and surely human nature under such conditions is

both a pleasant and a profitable study. It is true that there is a deal of what we call "faking" in the Midway Plaisance, and it is a fact that not a few of the Orientals on exhibition there have been collected in Chatham Street and the Bowery; but they are none the less Orientals on that account, and serve the purpose of instructing the multitudes of people who go to the fair quite as well as to the managers and customs, dress and appearance, of the swartly men and dark-eyed women who dwell by the Bosphorus and the Nile. The constitutionally cynical would not have been better pleased had these people been brought to Jackson Park in balloons and never been permitted to step on other soil after leaving their native lands. Deep-set incredulity is not moved to belief by any amount of genuineness, however great. For such the fair was not made anyhow, for nothing will ever do them any good. But simple-minded folk, with eyes and ears open for new sights and new sounds—these will enjoy the Midway Plaisance and all that in it is. They will not call it a church-fair annex; they will not call it the side-show to the circus. Indeed, they will not scoff at all, but will enjoy themselves and feel that they have been in Switzerland, in Austria, in India, and in Turkey, without either the trouble or expense of going very far from home.

Mr. Clinedinst has made a picture of some visitors to the Egyptian cafe in the Cairo street. It was natural for him, and others with a taste for bright colors, to be attracted to this place, for here color is of prime importance, as it is with all the Oriental people. In the picture we see a young lady visitor experimenting with the chibouk. Possibly she would not care to repeat the experience.

THE PARIS RIOTS.

THE recent riots in Paris, which for several days terrorized the city, had their origin, like many preceding disturbances of the kind, in the Latin quarter. This, as is generally known, is thronged by students in medicine, in law, in pharmacy, and in the fine arts and other branches, who live in small hotels and furnished lodgings. There are also in the Latin quarter many pupils, all under twenty-one years of age, of the Polytechnic school and the Normal school for future professors, who live within the walls of these great national institutions. Among these students and pupils there exists the closest fraternity of feeling, and their great numbers make them a most important factor in the life of the French capital. They live a gay, rollicking existence, and their *fêtes*, which are frequent, are usually characterized by an abandon which is seldom found elsewhere.

The beginning of the trouble, which flamed out in open hostilities early in July, dates back to February last. The students of the national art school, including painters, sculptors, engravers, and architects, arranged a ball which was intended to eclipse all previous efforts of the kind, each studio endeavoring to outvie the others in the preparation of striking costumes and historical representations. The time of meeting was fixed at midnight at the National University building, in the heart of the Latin quarter. An enormous crowd of spectators collected at the place of rendezvous, and an hour later the procession moved to the hall, two miles distant, where the ball was held. In all some three thousand costumed figures appeared in the procession. Many of the women were most immodestly dressed, and the display, while it seemed to please most of the onlookers, was regarded by some "custodians of the public morals" as an outrage on decency and morality. As a result, the day after the ball a complaint was lodged with the authorities against four of the models who appeared in the procession. They were arrested, and early in June were tried on charges of indecency. On the last day of June the court rendered its decision, imposing a fine upon the offenders.

This action of the authorities provoked great indignation among the students, who regarded it as an unwarranted invasion of artistic liberty. Accordingly they organized a demonstration and proceeded, a thousand strong, to the Senate for the purpose of demanding redress. Their progress was arrested by the police, and for the time being the students were dispersed. Subsequently a great crowd of them assembled at one of the prominent cafés, where they expended their indignation in denouncing the Préfet of Police. While their indignation was at its height a squad of policemen chanced to pass the place. They were hissed by the enraged students, and upon this provocation immediately commenced an indiscriminate assault. During the *mêlée* a young man named Antoine Nuger was killed.

On the following day, as the news of Nuger's death got abroad through the quarter, the students assembled, with others, to the number of six thousand and marched to the Chamber of Deputies, and subsequently to the Préfecture of Police, of which they took possession, demolishing doors and windows, kindling street fires, etc. The police making little head against the mob, the military were called out, and from this time on bloody conflicts ensued for three days, during which traffic was stopped in the principal streets by barricades, and a large number of persons were seriously wounded. At times the dragoons and lancers were compelled to charge upon the crowds, so stubborn was their resistance; and even then the latter backed off step by step, those in front wielding their clubs right and left, and those behind splitting up booths and kiosks into weapons with which to fight later in the front. In their retreat the rioters had set fire to the booths which they did not split into clubs, and the boulevards were littered with broken and charred timbers. The rioting extended in all directions in the Latin quarter, and the disturbances were aggravated by the active participation of the workingmen, who had for various reasons become incensed with the police. The municipal council also, which corresponds to the board of aldermen in America, ranged itself against the government and encouraged the rioters. This action of the workingmen led finally to the closing of the Labor Exchange by the government. The tumult subsided as suddenly as it commenced.

It is to the credit of the students that when the troubles took on an anarchical form they gradually withdrew from the conflict. There is no doubt that the brutal conduct of the police greatly aggravated the discontent among the working classes and deepened the resentment of the students. The police authorities, indeed, seemed to have entirely lost their heads in dealing with the trouble. Reporters sent out to describe the riots were in several cases assaulted and beaten without the slightest provocation.

Probably there is no city in the world where so trivial an incident would lead up to such serious results as followed, in this case, the arrest and trial of four or five women for ostentatious immodesty in costume, indifferent to ordinary social restraints. When we remember that practically the entire military force in Paris was called out for the suppression of these disorders, originating in so slender a motive, and that peace was only restored at the end of four days of vigorous fighting, it is not difficult to understand how serious is the task which devolves upon the government of maintaining anything like constitutional order and protecting its own authority, with a population so emotional and so easily stirred to tumultuous action.



A DEPARTMENT OFFICER ISSUING PASSES



RECEIVING ORDERS FOR THE DAY.



GATEMEN RETURNING FROM DUTY.



BURNING TICKETS RECEIVED AT THE GATES.



THE MCMONNIES FOUNTAIN IN FULL PLAY.—[SEE PAGE 81.]



FRENCH'S GOLDEN STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC, SHOWING THE PERISTYLE AND A PORTION OF THE GRAND BASIN.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.

FOR THE CHILDREN

CONDUCTED BY ANNE RHODES



"AIN'T I SWEET?"

A ROSE OF SUMMER.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"Now, Sylvia, you can knit down to the heel this afternoon for your stent."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You can sit down on the door-step and knit if you want to."

"Yes, ma'am."

"After you've knit your stent you can go into the pantry and get a piece of short gingerbread out of the stone jar for luncheon. You'd better sit on the door-step and eat it, so you won't get the crumbs around."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You can have some bread-and-butter and currants, and a piece of custard-pie for your supper. You mustn't go off anywhere, and I don't want any of the other children trapesing in here while I'm gone."

"Yes, ma'am."

Sylvia Renfrew stood by and watched her grandmother soberly as she tied on her bonnet and pinned her black cashmere shawl before the sitting-room glass. Old Mrs. Renfrew was going out to spend the afternoon and drink tea with her friend, old Mrs. Benson. There were two other old ladies invited also; it was quite a little tea-party, and Mrs. Renfrew was dressing herself very particularly. After she had adjusted her bonnet and shawl she fixed her knitting-work in a black-beaded bag, and packed her best lace cap in her round cap-basket; then she was all ready to start.

Sylvia followed her to the south door. After she had stepped off the door-stone old Mrs. Renfrew turned around for a parting injunction.

"You keep a look-out on those roses, Sylvia," said she. "If anybody asks you for them you say you can't spare any of them. I won't have them all picked off; your grandfather set them out, and I think too much of them."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Sylvia.

After her grandmother had gone she sat down on the door-step with her knitting. At her right, in the sunny corner formed by the junction of the L with the main house, were the roses. They were the beautiful old-fashioned red and white ones, large as saucers, and growing low in thick clumps.

Pretty soon the school children began to pass on their way to school. Sylvia could not go to school herself; she had just had the measles and was not strong enough. She looked at the children rather wishfully. Presently three girls came up to the door-step.

"Hullo, Sylvia!" said they.

"Hullo!" replied Sylvia.

The salutation was not elegant, but it was the customary one among the scholars; it would have seemed to them like putting on airs to use any other.

"When are you going to school again?"

"I don't know; just as soon as I get well enough."

All the time the little girls' eyes were on the roses.

"Say, Sylvia, give me a rose," one said, finally, in an affectedly easy tone. Then the other two joined in: "Give me one—give me one, too, Sylvia."

Sylvia looked away from them.



"HEAR ME SING!"

"I can't," she said, in a distressed voice.

"Oh, Sylvia! just one apiece to give to the teacher."

"I can't spare any."

The little girls looked at each other, then they turned on their heels. "She's the stingiest thing I ever saw in my life," Sylvia heard one of them say, and she felt overwhelmed. She knitted with unsteady fingers, and did not look up when other children went by. She was just congratulating herself that they had all gone when somebody said, in a sweet voice:

"How are you to-day, Sylvia?"

Sylvia looked up, and there was the teacher, Miss May, Miss May, with her pretty pink cheeks and her smooth brown hair, dressed in a dainty French-calico gown, looked very sweet and beautiful to Sylvia, who loved her dearly. She arose and dropped her knitting-work, and Miss May kissed her and inquired when she was coming to school again, and said how much she missed her. She took a pretty little picture-card out of her pocket and gave Sylvia, then her bright blue eyes scanned the roses.

"Don't you want to give me two or three of your roses to wear in my belt?" said she.

"Oh, Miss May!" The teacher looked at her in surprise. "I'm dreadful sorry," Sylvia continued, with difficulty; "but—I—can't—spare any of them."

"Oh, well, never mind," returned Miss May, laughing, and tripped out of the yard. But Sylvia looked at the pretty picture-card and wished she could get under the door-step. Her fingers trembled when she fell to knitting again.

"Good-afternoon, my dear," said some one. The voice was very soft and delicate and sweet, and the speaker matched it, being a very delicate and sweet old lady. Sylvia arose at once and courtesied deeply. The old lady wore a soft, black silk gown, a white cashmere mantle, and a lace ruche inside her bonnet. She had a tiny, fair old face, and very mild and pleasant ways. She was Squire Endicott's wife, and people called her "Madam Endicott." She was of a quite grand station, although she was so gentle and meek herself. She inquired in her sweet, caressing voice after Sylvia's grandmother and Sylvia's measles, and then she asked Sylvia to give her some roses.

Poor Sylvia had in her after-life many mortifications, as we all have, but she never experienced a keener one than when she saw Madam Endicott move gently away after she had refused to give her roses. She knitted to the heel, then she sat still—she did not feel like eating luncheon. She was not sure that she wanted any supper when it was time for that, but she did finally go into the house and eat a piece of custard-pie.

Her grandmother came home before sunset; they did not stay late at tea-parties. When she entered the sitting-room she looked sharply at Sylvia, who was curled up in the rocking-chair by the window. "Did you finish your stent?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What have you been crying about, child?" Old Mrs. Renfrew's voice was very kind, and the kindness in it set poor little Sylvia to crying again. The story came out between sobs, and

her grandmother listened in amazement. "Why, sakes alive, child!" said she, "I didn't care about your giving some of the roses to Miss May and Madam Endicott. All I meant was, I didn't want you to give them to all the school-children. I knew how they'll tease for roses sometimes, and I didn't know as I'd have one left if you sat out there when they were going by. Now, you take my cap out of the basket, real careful, and put it in the second drawer, and bring me the every-day one, and then I'll give you a seed-cake that I put in my pocket for you. Mrs. Benson sent it because you've been sick."

Old Mrs. Benson's seed-cakes were famous in the town, and Sylvia felt a thrill of comfort. "I'll let you carry a bunch of roses to Madam Endicott and the teacher in the morning," said her grandmother, when she had put away the cap and was eating the seed-cake, and Sylvia felt as if she could see to the end of her trouble.

The next morning she had her hair brushed very smooth indeed, and was dressed up in her rose-colored print dress and dainty ruffles, and went forth to carry roses and apologies to Madam Endicott and Miss May. Beautiful Miss May laughed and kissed her, and fastened the roses in her belt, and Sylvia thought she looked like a queen. And Madam Endicott greeted Sylvia in her tender, caressing fashion, and made her come into the parlor and sit in an embroidered chair and eat a piece of plum-cake, and then she gave her a little china mug to carry home, and folded her in a soft embrace and told her to tell her grandmother that she herself, little Sylvia, was the sweetest rose she had.

Sylvia felt rather ashamed to tell her grandmother, but she did, and old Mrs. Renfrew colored up and looked pleased; still she spoke quite decidedly in reply. "Compliments are all very well," said she, "but it's just as well for little girls not to set much store by them. Now, if you want to sit out on the door-step you can, and you may call those three little girls in when they go by and give them two roses apiece."

JOHNNY WARREN'S LUCK.

BY JOHN ERNEST MCCANN.

WHEN Johnny Warren's mother died he was an orphan, because his father had been dead two years. He didn't have any uncles, or aunts, or brothers, or sisters, or cousins, or friends—real friends. He had acquaintances in the village, but not one genuine friend. So, with the forty-two dollars left to him by his mother, he went away to seek his fortune in the great big world. He was then ten years old, but strong, healthy, and full of hope—and ignorance. Not that he couldn't read, write, spell, add, multiply, and subtract; he could do all these things, for his mother had taught him. But he was ignorant of the world and the world's ways.

For days and nights he tramped across country eating his lodging and meals as best he could, until one evening he came to a big red farm-house. Up to this farm-house he wearily trudged and asked for his supper and a night's lodging, saying that he would pay for both by working half of the next day for the big gruff farmer to whom he addressed himself.

"Can you sow? Can you mow? Can you plow? Can you milk?" growled the big farmer to Johnny.

"No; I—guess—I—can learn," he faltering-ly replied.

Well, the farmer was about to turn him away, when Nelly, the farmer's little daughter, pleaded for Johnny, and Johnny remained.

The first thing that Johnny had to do mornings was to milk. There was a number of cows, and a good many milkers were required. After milking he had to drive the cows to pasture, a half-mile away. When he had got them there he would put up the bars and come back to the farm to work.

The work came pretty hard to him at first, but he soon became accustomed to it, and grew stout, brown, and strong. He could ride the most spirited horse on the farm, too, and was a great favorite with everybody except Nelly's father. He seemed to be unnecessarily harsh toward Johnny,—but, between you and me, he liked Johnny, and only pretended not to like him. That was one of his ways of enjoying life. Nelly and Johnny became great friends. He used to drive her to church every Sunday, much to the wrath of another boy on the farm named Hank Brown, a red-eyed, red-haired, thick-lipped, mean-souled fellow.

One evening, Johnny Warren not having returned from town, where he had gone on an errand of importance for Nelly's father, Nelly had volunteered to go and drive home the cows. She said that it would be "great fun." So away she went, accompanied by Hank Brown, whom

she didn't like at all; but her father thought it unsafe to let her go alone to the pasture.

As Johnny Warren came trotting down the lane on the big roan horse, he was very much surprised to see coming his way Hank Brown, scared nearly out of his wits and pointing back toward the pasture. Johnny turned his horse's head in that direction and set off at a wild gallop. As he came to the pasture he was horrified to see two large golden eagles attacking poor little Nelly. A brave little bull-terrier was helping her, and the cows were looking quietly on and chewing the cud of reflection, as if there was no danger at all. Cows are strange creatures, any way.

With a yell Johnny drove his heels into the roan, and in an instant was in the thick of the fight. The little bull-terrier had killed one eagle, but he was nearly dead himself from loss of blood; so Johnny jumped from his horse, grabbed a club, and rushed at the other fellow, who was trying to kill Nelly.

It was a good fight. If it hadn't been for the hard work that Johnny had done he would have been killed; but his muscles were like rubber, and the way in which he used his club on that eagle was fine.

But he got a great many bruises and cuts from the eagle's big talons before he finally pulled his cap over the eagle's head. He held it there until the farm-hands came rushing up and captured him.

The eagle was over seven feet from tip to tip. He and his mate had swooped down on Nelly and Hank a few minutes before the arrival of Johnny, and Hank had run for help to the farm, as he afterward explained.

Hank was allowed to depart from the farm, and Nelly's father said that if he ever again caught him near the place he would set an old gray gander at him.

The plucky little bull-terrier grew well again. For the eagle a house was built, through the slats of which he can be seen to-day, although all this happened years ago. Eagles live to be very old. Johnny Warren is half-owner of the farm now, and Nelly is his little wife. The gruff old farmer thinks that there is no man in all the world half so fine as his son-in-law, and Nelly agrees with him. So do I. Don't you?



THE COBBLER.

FIND his awl, last, knife, bristles, and his two customers. This puzzle can be constructed from a single piece of wire.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Silver bracelet—Katharine Stearns Haskell, South Boston, Massachusetts.
Fishing-rod—James H. Davies, Winona, Minnesota.

PRIZE OFFER.

Prizes are offered this month as usual. For girls, a silver bracelet. For boys, a fishing-rod and reel. They will be awarded for the most correct and neatly written answers to the following questions:

1. Who invented the locomotive?
2. Where was the first one used?
3. Where was the first steamboat used?

PRIZE ANSWERS.

1. To Hero of Alexandria (130 B. C.) belongs the honor of being called the discoverer of steam-power, as he was the first in all the world's history to utilize and apply steam. His engine was, however, little more than a toy.

2. Thomas Savery (1698 A. D.) invented and patented the first steam engine which was commercially successful.

3 and 4. This engine was extensively used in England for pumping out mines, raising water, and driving water-wheels.

Besides the prizes offered, those whose answers are sufficiently correct to win for their name a place on the honor roll will each receive a copy of our charming photograph of Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth.

Letters should be sent in on or before August 20th. They should be addressed, Editor Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

This competition is open to all.

HONOR ROLL.

Eugene Arthur, Harvey Arthur, Elinor James, Henry Adams, Jr., Charise Adams, Susie Hall, Marian Oakley, Lidia Alcott, Sally McNulty.

FOR THE WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY ELLA STARR



A ROUGH-AND-READY HAT.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.]

The pessimists of fashion have for some time past dinned into our ears the fact that the shirt-waist and blouse must "go." The shirt-waist, perhaps, since it has become the every-day bodice of Jane below stairs, but for the blouse I predict a long life of popularity. Its dressiness is undeniable, its comfort beyond comparison, and its possibilities of variation too endless for it to be cast aside lightly.

Two novel and stylish blouse bodices are pictured in these columns. One is made of light, flowered foulard, having the yoke laid in tucks forming a square outline in front, and running into a point at the centre-back. This is defined by a ruffle of the foulard about four inches wide, and below this the tucks are let out to supply the fullness for the lower part of the bodice. The sleeves are particularly graceful, and the turnover collar and gauntlet cuffs are made of the material doubled. A blouse of this sort does not require a lining, but the yoke may be strengthened with a plain piece of thin cambric.

The second blouse pictured requires a plain, tight-fitting lining, which is hooked up the centre-front. It is made of pink striped taffeta silk, and is cut very wide to give fullness enough for the gathers at the neck, along the shoulders, and at the waist. A bias strip of the silk nine inches wide is required for the shawl-collar, which is lined with stiff muslin and laid in three pleats. It is edged with a ruffle wide at the shoulder and narrowing down to the waist, where it ends under the belt. The gigot sleeves droop from the shoulders.

The bodices of thin stuffs and airy tissues are full, crossed over or accordion-pleated on a tight lining, often with lace insertions trimming at least the fronts, and very wide balloon sleeves. The waist-band is varied by a sash or scarf of lace, crêpe, surah, or the material itself, twisted or folded and tied in front or at the side. The



SILK BLOUSE WITH SHAWL COLLAR.

"Marie Antoinette" fichu is most becoming to youthful figures, and is being much worn over summer blouse bodices. It is made of crêpe, gauze, mull, or net, three or more yards long, and is edged all round with a frill of lace. The fichu is drawn loosely around the shoulders, crossed over the chest, and tied once at the back.

In consideration of the rapid changes in fashion we are fortunate in having sleeves play such a prominent part in our costumes—for those who must study economy, especially. In renovating a last season's gown the sleeves do more to aid in the transformation than any other feature. An ordinary, plain sleeve is made quite up to date by a deep epaulette frill falling to the elbow. It is cut open up the centre more than half way, and may be edged all round with ribbon or velvet, with a full rosette bow at the top of the opening. Then the cuff of the plain sleeve is trimmed in a like manner. Another stylish model allows the use of crêpe or gauze or net. This is arranged in a succession of three graduated puffs to the elbow, the fullest one being at the top. These filmy fabrics are adapted to the *plissé* sleeve as well. This is very graceful and pretty, and is laid in fine accordion pleats, which are filled in at the shoulder seam and flare at will to the elbow. Another fancy for gauzy fabrics is arranged in ten doubled puffings between the



YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF FIGURED SERGE.

elbow and shoulder; or, if the quantity of material is limited, graduated ruffles may be substituted, and these are decidedly pretty in thin goods.

Rumor says that the really well-dressed women of Paris are no longer wearing the bell skirts which stand out in stiff folds. Those that they favor most are full at the hem, but fall in even folds and have no stiff lining to make them flare out at the sides and back. These skirts are much trimmed with flounces, bias bands, or insertion. The double skirt is quite popular, and is made in two distinct parts, the lower one reaching to the waist, and the upper one gored and terminating at the knee. None of the newest skirts are made over four yards in width at the hem, and when much trimmed three and a half yards are sufficient.

The summer bargain sales are now at their height, and the fall in the prices since the beginning of the season is really marvelous. For instance, there are French percale blouse waists, which originally cost two dollars and fifty cents, now exhibited on the bargain counters at ninety-five cents each. To be sure there are only a limited number of sizes. A judicious buyer, with a small outlay of money, could lay in a most satisfactory stock of material for next summer's wear.

MIDSUMMER NOVELTIES.

A prominent feature of the lingerie counters in the leading shops at present is the tulle frill. It is frequently wide and full in the extreme, muffling the throat up to the ears. It is made of several layers of black tulle pleated through the centre, and is edged with picot ribbon in black or pale colors.

No wardrobe is complete this season without a figaro jacket of some sort. A stylish and inexpensive variety is made of black broadcloth, sleeveless, and lined with surah or India silk. It may be bordered all round with embroidery in black, or a row of very fine passementerie. It is most desirable and useful at the seashore or mountains to slip on of cool evenings over a thin summer gown.

One of the daintiest and most fetching parasols I have seen was made in pink gauze with black-satin stripes, and further enhanced with black lace insertion. It was bordered with a pink-and-black silk edging, cut out like chrysanthemum leaves, and the handle was of ebony studded with beads of pink coral. Light parasols have become one of the necessities of late, for the prevalence of white dresses creates the demand. It is the height of ill taste to carry a dark parasol or a sun umbrella with a light costume, especially in a carriage.

Colored cotton flannel has become a prime



A FOULARD BLOUSE.

favorite for bathing-suits this summer. Dark red figured in white is most effective made with a zouave jacket over a blouse of cream white, with a sash of the same edged with red braid and knotted at one side. The blouse has a collar which rolls outside of the jacket. A dark red silk handkerchief is added to tie over the hair in Creole fashion.

A Paris hat of recent date, both dainty and *chic*, is made of a rough transparent green straw, and has a moderately wide flat brim which is turned up at the back. A thick wreath of pink chrysanthemums trims the crown, and two upright wings of metallic tints complete the garniture.

A country suit for a little boy, which will endure any amount of hard usage, comprises striped cotton socks, heavy brown Holland knickerbockers, and a striped brown-and-white flannel blouse, with a loose linen collar in sailor shape. Coarse blue serge is also a substantial material for the knee-breeches.

Hosiery was never more varied and inexpensive than at present. There are fast-black stockings with open stripes and embroidered on the instep in colored dots for thirty-nine cents a pair. Lisle thread in gray and tan can be bought at the same price, and a good quality of cotton hose with open stripes are sold for twenty-five cents a pair. These are suitable to wear with the popular ooze leather ties in gray or tan, which are to be had for about two dollars.

Snow-white straw hats have been lately introduced. They are only suitable for children, however, or for very young ladies who wear white muslin gowns. Their perfect whiteness is enhanced by white satin trimming and periwinkle white tips or white Mercury wings.

Shoulder seams of bodices continue to lengthen, and ere very long we may expect to see the sleeves set in quite low on the round of the shoulder. It is not a generally becoming style, and unless the wearer be well formed and shapely, it gives one the appearance—to use a physical-culture term—of "slumping."

Pretty and easily-made summer petticoats are made of the wide embroidered flouncing which is sold for about sixty cents a yard. Three yards are sufficient for one, and it may be gathered at the top to a narrow yoke, or, if one has slender hips, it may be simply finished with a hem and a draw-string.

AN EFFICIENT DEPARTMENT OF THE EXPOSITION.

FROM no department in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition is more demanded than from the inspectors' bureau of the Department of Admissions. This bureau is charged with the sale and collection of all tickets and other cards of admission and the operation of all gates and entrances to the grounds. To the unflagging energy and zeal of the superintendent of the department, Colonel Horace Tucker, is due the fact that his inspectors and their assistants, all without previous experience and only organized five days previous to the opening day (May 1st), handled three hundred and fifty thousand people on the Fourth of July in a manner which has received the highest praise from the officials of the exposition and in the columns of the press.

Captain W. L. De Remer, chief inspector, a man of great energy and determination of character, is well known among Chicagoans as the popular adjutant of the First Infantry, Illinois National Guard. Assistant Chief Inspector H. H. Clarke, brings to the department an ability which has done much to place the corps on its present footing, and the experience of many years of frontier service, where each have held responsible positions, eminently fits Inspectors James H. Smith, Robert J. Burton, and Charles C. Ames for the places they are filling with credit to themselves and honor to the organizations with which they have been so long connected in the service of their country.

The men of this department have unquestionably won a signal success in the performance of their responsible duties.

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

ANY applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00 to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00 to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

EUGENE COWLES.

A FACE indicating that in all things stability is a leading trait. A broad and well-formed forehead speaks of mental abilities which are sound, practical, calmly unimpulsive, and stable. Ideas come to him with a deliberate, steady pace, the action of his mind is never hurried or confused, but proceeds without pause in even, systematic sequence, seldom blundering, never wavering, but solid, broad, and stable. The breadth between his eyes is indicative of a leisurely nature, which thinks before it acts, reasons before it decides; but the steady gaze, long, direct, and unflinching, says that a position once taken is never denied, a decision once made is enforced without weakness, but with resolu-



EUGENE COWLES.

tion which is deliberate and stable. The breadth of his face below the eyes speaks of confidence, a touch of egotism, and of self-reliance; his nose of a distinct personality; the long upper lip of cool courage and of self-control, strong and unbending, which lays a check on a temperament whose deep, deep ardor lies expressed on the full, warm lips, which are genial although forcibly pressed together. He possesses a keen sense of humor, but it is leisurely and not sparkling; he has a strong will, and is difficult to influence. Beauty appeals deeply to his senses, harmony is essential to his nature, and because of the broad, firm lines of his character he forms and controls, dominates and defines, by the weight of decision and stability.



THE QUESTION OF THE SUMMER OUTING.

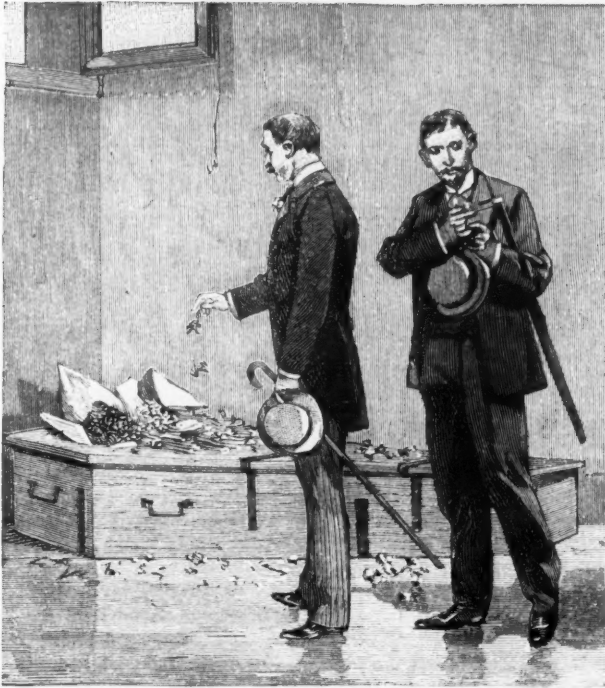
THE HEAD OF A LARGE AND INTERESTING FAMILY SUBJECTED TO A TRYING ORDEAL.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

TO GO OR NOT TO GO?

THE picture on this page illustrates an experience which may be said to be peculiar to the outing season. In these days, it is the right thing for all well-to-do people to visit the country or spend a season at some fashionable resort during the summer months. It is a custom which is on every account to be encouraged where the conditions are favorable to its observance. There are occasions, however, when the question of a summer outing needs to be seriously considered. A case of this kind is depicted in our illustration, in which the entire family appear to have conspired against the head of the house to compel a compliance with their wishes.

It is perhaps natural that the group of interesting daughters should long for new fields of conquest, and that they should be quite content to find them even at the expense of some inconvenience to the holder of the family purse. They are obviously very much in earnest. Their attitude is one of entreaty, but we suspect that the most persuasive argument is that of the tender embrace by which the younger of the flock emphasizes her appeals. The father's face is indicative of reluctance and perplexity. Possibly he has met with reverses in business; may be he has obligations coming due which he is conscious he will not be able to meet. Prudence dictates that he should deny the eager requests of his household. But he sees that they have already packed their trunks; he realizes that a refusal of the

tender petitions of the eager group would bring keen disappointment, if not despair; and so we suspect that he will decide the question in their favor, as many a man has done under similar circumstances, in flat defiance of the real proprieties of the case. Possibly if this be his decision, it may, after all, have its compensating results. Who can tell but that some one of these daughters of his may capture a count or prince at Newport or Narragansett; or, what would be better, perhaps ensnare some solid and substantial fellow with a plethoric bank account? It does not follow, of course, that the motives of these fair ones are altogether venal, but one cannot help suspecting that as they press their plea visions of possible triumphs in Cupid's court greatly accentuate their desire for the summer outing.



STUDENTS BEFORE THE COFFIN OF ANTOINE NUGER, KILLED IN THE RIOTS.



POLICE GUARDING THE CHARITY HOSPITAL, WHERE NUGER'S BODY WAS TAKEN.



DISPERSING A GROUP OF RIOTERS.



BURNING AN OMNIBUS IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

THE RECENT RIOTS IN THE LATIN QUARTER OF PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 73.]

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

The highest steeple does not always crown the holiest sanctuary.

Those who make not a pleasure of their cares will have their cares for their pleasures.

You may inoculate yourself against ninety-nine diseases and take the hundredth and die from it.

It sometimes pays to trust to Providence to deliver one without inoculation from rabid dogs, small-pox, and enemies.

One can but admire the adroitness of Fate's tactics when he observes how small a chance may produce or avert disaster.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN in *Judge*.

"If he doesn't want it, hasn't been mentioned for it, and isn't fitted for it—that's the man to appoint," says Mr. Cleveland. The wonder is that when he was sheriff the gentleman didn't insist on hanging some man not thought of for that dispensation.—*Judge*.

AMERICAN WINES.

There has just been issued by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, of Rheims, New York, a neat little pamphlet, in which is described the process of manufacture of their wines. The pamphlet is also fully illustrated, and is worth sending for.

It is doubtful if wines of foreign vintage are in any greater demand to-day than those made in central New York. Everything is most convenient, and the entire climate and growth tends to give flavor to the grape from which this champagne is made. The process of manufacture is the same as that used by the celebrated French wine-makers. Every detail is most complete, and it would pay to make a visit to the commodious wine cellars if you happen to be in the vicinity of Kenka Lake. The "Great Western" makes a fine summer drink, and it would pay every reader to try it. Full information will be cheerfully given by addressing Mr. D. Bander, Rheims, New York.

BERMUDAS IN NEW YORK.

CHAUTAUQUA LAKE, New York, is the Mecca of many a pilgrim in summer, who there finds rest and recreation, but never until now has it been regarded as a winter resort. The transformation of Sterlingworth Inn, the most fashionable and popular of all the famous summer hotels of Chautauqua's Saratoga (Lakewood), into a sanitarium for treatment of lung, throat and nervous diseases is therefore the more notable. The elegant surroundings and homelike comforts which have attracted thousands in summers past are rapidly filling the inn, inside of which the potted plants and trees, combined with the warmth and verdure of the South, make one feel as though he had been transported to sunny Florida or the balmy Bermudas, and while guest or patient, as the case may be, he feels as though his lines were cast in pleasant places and the quiet restfulness appeals to his sense of home comforts.

MENTAL exhaustion and brain fatigue Promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer.

A GOOD CHILD

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable. Grocers and druggists.

DR. SIEGERT'S Angostura Bitters are the most efficacious stimulant for the appetite.

THE name of Sohmer & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

Brown's Household Panacea. "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WRIGHT'S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.
Gives Pearly White Teeth, Baby Gums, Pure Breath, Removes Tartar, Refreshing to the Mouth. 25 cents. Send for book "Care of Teeth," free. Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form.

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SWEET PURE DELICIOUS
DELICATELY PERFUMED
REFRESHING-HEALTHFUL
FOR LADIES & CHILDREN

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Cleaned and purified of every humor, eruption, and disease by the celebrated

CUTICURA REMEDIES



These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of itching and burning Eczema and other itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, unfailing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

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Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.



PURITY of person COMMANDS OUR RESPECT, and for this reason we seek to avoid PEOPLE OF BAD TASTE, because they are usually uncleanly. But what can be more lovely than a young girl, just budding into womanhood, whose every charm has been heightened by the use of

Constantine's

Persian Healing

Pine Tar Soap?

This indispensable article for Toilet use Frees the Head from Dandruff; prevents the hair from falling off or turning prematurely gray; removes blotches and pimples from the skin; makes the teeth shine like pearls, and gives to the breath a sweetness which is as fascinating as the odor of

SUMMER ROSES.

Remember this wonderful beautifier is the ORIGINAL PINE TAR SOAP.

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The safest and best of all tonics, at

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Club,

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and in the Home.

Supplied by all Druggists.

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Avoid imitations
of and substitutes for
SAPOLIO—It is a solid
cake of scouring soap—Try it
in your next house-cleaning.

NO TIME TO LOSE.

WIFE—"Dear, there is a burglar down stairs."

Husband—"Are you sure he is in the house?"

Wife—"Yes; I can see his lantern."

Husband (rushing to the window)—"Maria, this fire-escape will not hold two."—*Judge*.

NO PARTIALITY.

SMITH—"Say, neighbor, I don't want all your old cans and boots and things thrown over in my yard."

Jones—"You haven't got 'em all; I divided equally with my neighbor on the other side."—*Judge*.

"THERE is so much equal and exact justice," say a Chicagoan, commenting on the pardon of the convict anarchists, "that a decent man has to run for his life."—*Judge*.

ON his way to Buzzard's Bay Mr. Cleveland was for some hours lost in the fog, and couldn't have felt worse if he had been his beloved country.—*Judge*.

"I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof."

LARD MUST GO

since COTTOLENE has come to take its place. The satisfaction with which the people have hailed the advent of the New Shortening

Cottolene

evidenced by the rapidly increasing enormous sales is PROOF POSITIVE not only of its great value as a new article of diet but is also sufficient proof of the general desire to be rid of indigestible, unwholesome, unappetizing lard, and of all the ills that lard promotes. Try

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Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, MATERIALS, CHEMICALS AND SUPPLIES.

Detective and View Cameras in great variety of styles and prices. Lenses, Shutters, Dry Plates, etc., etc.

The Best Text-Books on Photography.

Free use of dark-room on main floor of our store. Fifty Years Established. Send for Catalogue. Dark-room at our exhibit at World's Fair for use of visiting friends.

The Change from Girlhood to Womanhood

—is fraught with dangers. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be pain, headache, and nervous disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best tonic and nerve at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy specially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict woman at one period or another.

For all women, at all times of life, in all cases of peculiar nature, the "Prescription" is the safe agent that builds up, strengthens, and cures.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic disorders and displacements common to women, it is guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

Dr. Sage's Remedy positively cures Catarrh.



This is the Clasp, wherever found. That holds the Roll on which is wound The Braid that is known the world around.

Goff's Braid is more durable and gives greater satisfaction for a dress binding than all the substitutes that have had a temporary run during the past 25 years;—experienced Dress Makers' word for it.

Any one not finding Goff's Braid on sale in desired shade, send the name of the house that could not supply you and four 2-cent stamps, and we will send a sample roll of any color wanted to your address prepaid.

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of Life Insurance are contesting the field for public favor—the Old Line and the New. The former is cumbersome, artificial and costly. The latter is simple, natural and inexpensive. The

Massachusetts BENEFIT LIFE ASSOCIATION

Is a striking example of the new plan of Life Insurance.

The Largest and Strongest Natural-Premium Insurance Co. of New England.

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The NEW POLICY of the Massachusetts Benefit Association has no superior. It gives Cash Dividends, Cash Surrender Values, Paid-Up Insurance, and other desirable options.

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has become thin,
and keep the scalp
clean and healthy, use

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

It prevents the hair
from falling out
or turning gray.

The best

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The radical step which marks this issue of *The Cosmopolitan*—the cutting in half of a price already deemed low—is the result of an intention long since formed to give to the public a magazine of the highest class at such a price as must bring it within the reach of all persons of intellectual tastes, however limited their incomes.

The year 1893 will be the most brilliant in its history. No other year has seen such an array of distinguished names as will appear on its title page during 1893. De Maupassant, Mark Twain, George Ebers, Valdez, Spielhagen, François Coppée, Pierre Loti, are some of the authors whose work will appear for the first time during 1893. In its art work the advance will be no less marked. Jean Paul Laurens, Reinhardt, Rochegrosse, Verger, Toussaint, Schwabe, are among the artists whose work will decorate its pages during 1893.

Send five cents for a sample copy

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.
Eleventh Street and Sixth Avenue, New York

A NEW MOVEMENT.

NEW YORK is not in the least behind London in her new plans and work for reaching the masses with the benign influences of the Gospel. The West London Mission, conducted by Hugh Price Hughes, has a strong rival in the forward movement of New York, with services known as the metropolitan meetings.

Rev. C. H. Yatman, the leader, whose portrait we give our readers, is conducting the same, backed by the best men of the metropolis, such as J. M. Cornell, Bowles Colgate, Anderson Fowler, John Huyier, John D. Slayback, and others. The services on Sundays are held in the Academy of Music, and hundreds are turned away for lack of room. On week days, both at noon and night, they hold meetings on Fifth Avenue, the swell thoroughfare of the city. The practical outcome of this movement



REV. C. H. YATMAN.

is that non-church goers in great numbers through the services, which are made attractive by music, bright addresses, and variety, freed from all nonsense and objectionable features. Their motto is, "Of the people, for the people, by the people"—Mr. Lincoln's famous utterance, very fitting for a movement of this kind.

The results of the work so far exceed the expectations of the most sanguine. Their cause will be strengthened not a little by the announcement they make of continuing throughout the summer, the same as during the more favorable seasons of the year.

THE McMONNIES FOUNTAIN.

It is a great tribute to Mr. Frederick McMonnies that his name is more frequently given to the fountain that he designed and modeled for the World's Fair than the official name, which is Columbia. There are so many Columbian things at this exhibition, however, that the name is neither descriptive nor distinctive. This is not the reason, however, that this fountain is nearly always given the sculptor's name, but the more flattering one, that the work is so satisfactory that every one who sees it wants to know who was its creator and all about it.

Mr. McMonnies is an American not yet thirty years old. He has studied long in Europe. Indeed, this fountain was designed in Paris, and was so much larger than the kind of thing a sculptor ordinarily does that Mr. McMonnies had to rent four large studios. The design of the base is circular—150 feet in diameter—and is flanked on each side by columns 50 feet high surmounted by eagles. The central idea of the fountain is that of an apotheosis of modern liberty—Columbia enthroned on a triumphal barge guided by Time, heralded by Fame, and rowed by eight standing figures, representing on one side the arts, and on the other science, industry, agriculture, and commerce. The barge is preceded by eight sea-horses forming a circle directly in front, and mounted by eight young men as outriders, representing modern commerce. The water is furnished by a great half-circle of dolphins in the rear, and by a system of jets which entirely surrounds the barge and figures. At night the fountain is illuminated by electricity after the principle employed in the fountains at the exposition in Paris. Some of the figures are twenty feet high, and none are less than twelve. For the figures alone \$50,000 was paid. Some writers, failing to comprehend the meaning and purpose of a great international exhibition, have expressed the opinion that it was wrong to spend such vast sums of money in buildings and decorations and works of art that were only to last six months.

This opinion is utterly materialistic and philistine. The influence of these splendid buildings and works of art will last, even though the houses and statues and monuments are pulled down when the fair is closed. And the influence is what we are after. When we recall the exhibition in Philadelphia and compare it with this, the Centennial not only seems small but absolutely cheap. And yet the Centennial did incalculable good. Art cannot be said even to

have existed in America previous to that, and architecture, public and domestic, was almost beneath contempt. But the Centennial kindled the aesthetic taste of the people and made this fair in Chicago possible. So this exposition will exert a regenerating influence that will be felt for more than a hundred years.

Notwithstanding what has been said, it does seem a pity that so splendid a work of art as this McMonnies Fountain should not be in enduring material. There is no reason why it should not be. P. P.

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TASTELESS—EFFECTUAL FOR A DISORDERED LIVER

Taken as directed these famous Pills will prove marvellous restoratives to all enfeebled by the above or kindred diseases.

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but generally recognized in England and, in fact throughout the world to be "worth a guinea a box" for the reason that they **WILL CURE** a wide range of complaints, and that they have saved to many sufferers not merely one but many guineas in doctors' bills.

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The Shortest, Quickest and Best Line Between
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Visitors to the World's Fair should bear in mind that the route via the St. Lawrence, Montreal, Lake Champlain, Lake George, Saratoga and the Hudson River is the greatest highway of summer pleasure travel in America. Send 6 cents postage for fine Descriptive Guide to

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The Lens covers the plate fully, even when the front is raised. It is instantly removable and can be replaced by a wide angle lens which fits the same shutter.

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A Double Swing Back and sliding front are among the improvements. These Kodaks can be focused with the index or on ground glass; can be used as hand or tripod cameras and are easily adapted to stereoscopic work.

	For Film and Glass.	For Glass Plates only.
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Stomach Bitters.
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Are unequalled for smooth, tough points. Samples worth double the money for 16c. Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J. Mention FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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PRICE 50c. pint. Let those who have pale faces try it. It is A GREAT RESTORATIVE TONIC that acts upon the blood immediately.

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AUNTIE HOLBACK—"Hiram, ef he looked th' way you do this minute them Continentals would'r chucked him in an' pulled th' ice over him."

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spoil the broth." Probably because they don't use

Armour's Extract of BEEF

Armour's Extract enables a poor cook to rival the "creations" of the most celebrated chef. Our little Cook Book tells how to use Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a different soup for each day in the month. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

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Drive the minutes

or they will drive you.

Don't put off the comfort and solid satisfaction you may gain for yourself or some one you want to make happy; by an accurate jeweled time-keeper, handsome and genuine: It is the new, quick-winding Waterbury watch. \$4 to \$15.

The Newburyport *Herald* man says of his Waterbury: "It is a better time-keeper than a hundred-dollar watch a friend of mine bought some months ago."

All jewelers sell it in forty styles.

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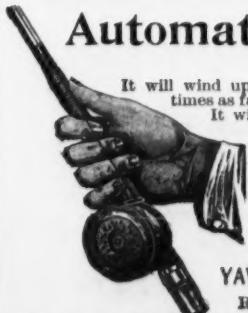
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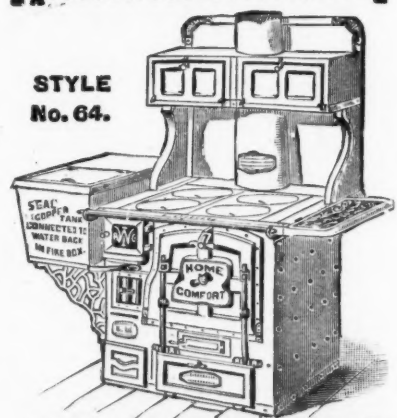
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